
[1]

Last night at around 0100 I was changing a resident and had my back to the door. I heard the knob turn and the woman I was working with said "Come In" and nothing happened, I turned around and opened the door but there was no one up anywhere on the unit but the two of us. She told me that she had seen the knob turning and I heard it very clearly.

[2]

I get so scared I can't get to sleep---I keep hearing "noises--" but I come right back to the computer and start reading again.....

I've never seen any ghosts, or spirits, but I've had some uneasy feelings in 3 separate, old places-----one was the old Naval Hospital in Newport, Rhode Island; one was the nursing home wing of Long Beach V.A. Hospital, and one was the cadaver lab in one of the old, (vintage WWII) buildings at Oak Knoll Naval Hospital.

We used to have our classes in the classrooms adjacent to the cadaver lab, and we had to go up there at night to study. I always, always felt as if I was being "watched" when I was there alone. It wasn't a peaceful feeling, either--it was really, really creepy. Part of our duties in those days ('70s) was sprinkling those cadavers down with formalin once a week. I always half expected to look up one night and see one of them walking zombie like down the hall toward me, like the zombies in "Night of the Living Dead." There were only 2 girls and 5 guys in our class, and I always tried to get one of the guys to study with me at night--they felt the same sense of creepiness, but somehow it just felt safer with one there.

One last kind of creepy thing---my mom and I weren't particularly close, but I don't think we had any "issues." She died of anoxic

encephalopathy after being comatose for several days after having an M.I. when she was just 47. I have had, since she died in 1981, scary, scary dreams about her---in the dreams, she is a zombie, coming at me with long, ugly fingernails, and she has fangs.

Now, when I was about 9 or 10, I remember my mom telling me to clean the bathroom (my Saturday chore) one Saturday morning, and I was arguing with her that I wanted to go play with my friends. She called me an "ingrate." I told her there was no such word. Next thing I know, she had grabbed me from behind by my ponytail, spun me around, and, as she did it, raked her long, pointed fingernails (fashionable in the early '60s) across my face. I think it was purely an accident; she just wanted to spin me around and show me the word "ingrate" in the dictionary. LOL, I had 5 bloody fingernail scratches on my face for days--but, in those days, that wasn't unusual. I can remember kids coming to school with a palm print across their faces after being slapped for "smarting off" to THEIR moms.

My husband tells me I must obviously have unresolved "issues" with my mom, but I really don't---in fact, that incident never bothered me. My mom had a horrific childhood (her earliest memory was coming home from kindergarten and finding HER mom dead; kneeling on the floor; head in a gas oven, a la Sylvia Plath) and she and her brother and sisters were all sent to different orphanages because their father was a long distance trucker and apparently couldn't or didn't want to take care of them anymore. So, I just figured she had her own inner demons----she was never intentionally abusive to any of us, and no one ever would have considered that "child abuse" in the '60s, anyway--in fact, I figured it served me right for "smarting off" to her.

Whoah, now I really AM scared to go to bed!

When I worked in a nursing home, we had a resident that was unpleasant to say the least.

One day I was on bell duty (it was my responsibility to answer all the bells for 2 hours), and the man rang his bell and told me that there was a black dog under his bed. I looked under the bed, but there was nothing there. I thought that he could have possibly seen a dog because it was a hot day, and the front door to the home was open. I told him that the dog must have gone out of the door before I arrived. He rang the bell again a short time later, insisting that he could see a dog under the bed, again I couldn't see anything. This carried on.

He became quite hysterical on one occasion shouting that the black dog under his bed was trying to bite him, and that it had red eyes. He looked terrified, and I couldn't calm him down for ages until the dog had disappeared. I handed over what happened to the nurse in charge, and went home as it was the end of my shift. The next day I was on an afternoon shift, and found out that the man had died not long after I had gone home. It really freaked me out. He was a very unpleasant man, and I often wondered if the dog was there to take him away to you know where. One i'll never forget.

[4]

Jun 30, '05 by carolinapoo

OK, I've been putting off posting this one because I thought someone would laugh at me, but here goes.

I was living by myself in Greenville, NC while I was a student at ECU (this was around 1994). I was sitting on the couch watching TV and thinking about what a horrible week I had had. I had recently broken up with a physically abusive ex-fiance and was going through all the problems that brings. I actually had hit a

pretty low point and felt as though the only friend I had in the world was my ferret, Tigger.

Well, I was slunked down on the couch, feeling completely alone, when suddenly I had this feeling I WASN'T alone. At the end of the couch was a recliner and I suddenly was convinced SOMEONE was sitting in the recliner. I sat up on the couch (as you can imagine), and stared at the chair, scared to death. About that time, Tigger ambled out of the bedroom and STOPPED in the middle of the floor. She was staring right at the recliner and would not go any further. In fact, she backed up a couple of steps.

That did it. Very calmly I said out loud that whoever was in the chair was really scaring us and we'd like to not be scared. (I know - WHAT does that mean?) Suddenly I heard myself say, "Grandpa? Is that you?" I wasn't scared anymore, and Tigger actually took a step towards the chair. "I'm OK, Grandpa - I'll be OK," I said, not really aware that I'd intended to say anything. (My grandfather died in 1992.) Tigger walked AROUND the chair, about two feet from it, and did not take her eyes off of it as she walked. No kidding. Just a couple of seconds later I felt alone again - well, alone except for the ferret, who literally gave the chair a wide berth for the rest of the evening. She wouldn't go near the thing.

I have no doubt that animals can see and hear things we can't. I've always believed that.

Since my dad passed away in April, sometimes when I'm alone in the house watching TV I feel like there's someone standing behind me (our couch sits between two entryways into the living room and one goes into the kitchen). Daddy used to lean in the entryway and keep an eye on the TV while he was waiting for my microwave to heat his water for coffee (he drank that instant crap!). And sometimes at Mama's house I'll smell a new pack of cigarettes - you know, that smell when the wrapper first comes off? Daddy smoked for years, although he kicked his two pack a day habit ages ago. (He used to sneak one now and again in the bathroom like a kid, and spray the place with Glade. It was both sad and hilarious.) Mama has never smoked a day in her life.

That's my creepy stuff - so far. Rather tame next to all these great tales!

[5]

My grandpa died last Feburary and as he was dying my mom was sitting with him and he called out to his cousin who died years ago. My mom said it was like he was seeing her and told him to go see her, which he did as he died minutes later.

I don't think he went far though as my grandma woke up a few weeks ago to "hear" someone humming a song she knew. She got up and turned all the lights on in the house but she could still hear it, then she realized she could hear my grandpa singing a hymn that they both loved. She started singing with him and they sung the whole hymn together and then the sound stopped. She said that she was not scared at all and just feels that grandpa was telling her he was alright and was still looking out for her. The thing is that grandma is totally deaf without her hearing aids in and doesn't wear them to bed but she heard grandpa and knows she was fully awake durring this experience.

[6]

I've shared this story on another thread but I believe my daughter gets visited by her great-grandmother. She used to tell us stories about her Nana all of the time which is funny because Nana died two days after my daughter was born. Before she died though, she used to tell me to hurry up and give her a baby girl. She was so excited about having a great granddaughter.

The most alarming story began when my daughter was 2.5 years old. She came to me and told me that her Nana was taking care of her little brother and that he would be coming to live with us

soon. I laughed her off because my husband and I were taking every precaution, outside of abstinence, to avoid a pregnancy. I always knew within the first three weeks if I were expecting and there were no symptoms. Anyhow, after a couple of months I started feeling weird. I went to the doctor for a checkup and he decided to do a pregnancy test. The test came back negative. I started taking vitamins and trying to get some extra sleep because I was really dragging. I kept feeling this way for about another month, and I missed my period, so I went back to the doctor. Another pregnancy test, another negative result.

We chalked it up to the financial stress we were under. He gave me some medication to bring my period on. After about two weeks the period didn't come but I kept remembering my daughter telling me about her little brother. Even if the tests had come back positive, my husband and I figured we would terminate the pregnancy because we were in no position to care for another child. I actually called some clinics to get information about the procedure because I've never had one and wanted to be informed. After finishing the medication, I went back to the doctor. He gave me another pregnancy test, this one came back positive. I was immediately scheduled for an ultrasound to make sure everything was ok. I found out I was 4.5 months pregnant. Too far along for me to feel ok about terminating. I also found out the baby was a boy. I was floored. Nana told my daughter that she had my baby boy, waiting for him to come home. She still tells us stories about her Nana but she seems to be more uncomfortable now that she is 9 years old.

[7]

When I was 13, my great-grandfather was in a Nursing Home, and I was visiting. When it was time to go, I said "I'll see ya tomorrow Papa, I love you!" He replied "I won't be here tomorrow, I'm going home tonight." I tried to reassure him that "this is your new home" He said convinced, "No I'm going to my real home tonight." He passed Away before morning.

I also believe he spoke to me years later when I was 19 years old, when I was traveling a curvy, country road in January that had been icy, but melted for several days. I was in a straight away and heading for a curvy section, when I heard "you really need to slow down!" in a familiar voice. I heeded the warning and hit a 20 ft ice patch at 25 miles an hour and accelerated to 55+ according to State Patrol estimates before hitting an embankment head-on and flipping the car!

My Daddy told his sister and brother in law that he was going to have the family all together for Halloween in Oct. 2003. (He had been diagnosed with prostate and bone cancer in Jan of 2001 and given only 6 months.) On Oct 30th, (week after my sister from Maine, and 1 day after her husband arrived) he took his last breaths. He had ACTUALLY "planned" his death so to speak. He had only his wife, children (and husbands), grandchildren and a few chosen others by his side for his death.

My mom is convinced that daddy kicked her in the shin, causing her blood clot in June of 2004 when she was telling my uncle about her plans for fixing up the house. She said she felt like someone kicked her in the shin, and two days later she was in the hospital with a blood clot.....no one saw anything, and she was sitting on her front porch! She convinced herself it was Daddy telling her she needed to slow down!

[8]

I believe this must come too late. Provably not important by itself, but necessary to hold on my connection to allnurses.com, so I give you this.

I've been working in two huge hospitals, three clinics, and an ambulance system as paramedic as well. I heard ghost-stories everywhere. Anyway I guess the most relevant are the latest ones. We have a ghost on our third floor called "the blond of the

third” she used to dress herself as a nurse and perform nursing duties.

The most relevant aspect of “the blond” is that no nurse or doctor has ever seen her but our patients. Generally, they use to say something like: “The blond nurse has told me...” or “few minutes ago a blond nurse gave me my medication”.

Some related that she has no legs, I mean; she floats on the air and so on.

I don’t know what you would think about it.

Anyone of us did pay much attention to it. No one got in panic. Just heard the repeated stories from our patients one and another time without adding much anxiety.

These things might happen, specially where people die every day. It means nothing anyway. Just a tale to tell. Nothing will change our reality, our daily affairs. Our miseries.

We joke about it but don’t pay to that much credit. We’re nurses, busy and tired to give such things much energy.

[9]

It was the middle of the Month of April 1995. I was working at a LTC facility, and had gone outside to smoke a cigarette with a coworker. Being the middle of April in Oklahoma you tend to see some strange cloud formations. My friend and I saw these clouds that looked like the four Horsemen of the Apocalypse, and they were headed toward OKCity. We thought nothing about it except it was a very strange cloud formation. The 19th of April (which was about 3-4 days later) we had the bombing of our Federal Building. Coincidence? I don't know. But like my heading says-this is the first time I have ever told anyone except my husband. I don't know if Sharlene told anyone or not. I'm not sure if any one would believe me or not!

[10]

Here's my story,

The ER was swamped this day. Ambulance called in with a chest pain, minute later a second chest pain, a minute after that a third, and a fourth. After all four had been brought in a code was called in the ICU. Our code team responded.

Our 3rd chest pain ended up going over to cath lab he was in bad shape. After he was wheeled past me, I looked back into the room. The pt. stood against the shelves looking at the doors behind my back. I looked behind me to see his wife come through the doors. Looking back in the room, there was no one there.

Two minutes later a code was called in the cath lab. He died.

[11]

I have to add a quick story here though while not about a ghost, it still gives me goosebumps.

Several years ago while working as a hospice RN we received a referral for a lady dying of breast cancer. I called her for weeks trying to get her to allow me to come to her house and tell her about hospice. She politely refused each time, assured me that she didn't need help, blah, blah, blah. I'd call again and again and get nowhere. Her PCP was frantic and insisted that I go anyway and show up unannounced, which I did. Her husband answered the door and let me come in after I explained my mission and he led me to her bedroom. She started laughing when I came in and introduced myself and said "Oh, it's YOU. I would have let you come out weeks ago if I had known it was YOU!" I was totally confused as I had never laid eyes on her so I ask her how we knew each other. She calmly replied "you don't know me but I

know you, I dream about you every night". She then went on to tell me that for weeks she'd been having dreams about me and the husband agreed that she had talked of little else.

Let me tell you that I was FREAKED OUT but I kept my composure until I left and then I was just shaking. The patient was very nonchalant about it and didn't think it at all odd. The end of the story is that I did indeed become her hospice nurse and cared for her for several months until she died. Lovely funny woman that I will remember until I die!

Thanks for the thread....it is interesting to hear all of the stories.

[12]

This just happened today. One of our residents had returned from the hospital with a dx of end stage renal failure about 3 weeks ago. Thought for sure she was going to die right after I left one night.....vitals poor (resp. 6), she's pale, Cheyne Stoke-ing. Well, she kept coming out of it. This morning, she did it again....came out of her decline, looked at the nurse next to her bed, and stated quite clearly, "I am dying now." Put her head down, and died. Totally creeped the 7-3 shift at first, but then again....

[13]

We had a resident that was ill and she told the nurse that she would die on July 4th, this has been a few years back, well July 4th came and they got her up for Breakfast then lunch and then finally at supper time she slumped over in her chair and when they checked sure enough she was dead. Freaky!

[14]

Patients in our psych ward frequently complain to staff that they hear babies crying at night and one patient even saw baby footprints on the ceiling of her room one night - well, the OB department used to be in that space decades ago and is now in a totally different building across town (we have 2 different campuses to our hospital)

My best friend's grandfather died unexpectedly when we were in high school and her older sister, Lise, was very sad because she was 7-8 mos pregnant and her child would have been his first great-grandchild. A few weeks after the baby was born, Lise's husband was working 11-7 and she had the baby in a bassinet at the foot of her bed. She woke up suddenly and saw a figure at the end of the bed looking into the bassinet and she called "Randy (her husband) - is that you?" The figure looked up and she saw it was her grandfather, wearing the old plaid cap that he always wore and he said in his Scottish accent "It's ok - it's just me, Granda. I just wanted to see my great-grandchild. He's just beautiful." And then he disappeared. The baby never woke up at all through all of this.

I had a patient die slowly on my shift, surrounded by family. At various times of the day, he would call out names of family members who were already dead and comment on them in some way. For example, he called out "Hey Joe, you still smell! How about that?" and he started laughing. (Apparently, Uncle Joe had arthritis really bad in his shoulders and used to slather himself with some really strong smelling ointment) All day, he did this without opening his eyes. It freaked the family out at first, but they got used to it and I think it helped them let go of him because they knew he was going to be going to where family was.

My mother's father was comatose and dying. My parents were living literally on the other side of the country (in Canada) and they were hauling butt to get home before he died. (On a side note, my grandfather was very fastidious and always made sure his hair was just so and he was clean-shaven his whole life - which wasn't always easy to pull off since he was a logger and worked

away from home for weeks a time in logging camps.) Anyway, my parents got to the hospital and my grandmother told him who had come - my mother is the oldest but the only one who didn't live local. He hadn't opened his eyes for days but he opened his eyes to look at my parents and then closed them again. He lived through the night and in the morning, the nurses came in and cleaned him up and he hadn't been shaved in a day or two so they did that too. 5-10 minutes after he was cleaned up, with my grandmother and all 6 kids around him, he opened his eyes, nodded and died. I think he was waiting for my mom and also didn't want to die unshaven.

[15]

Being an RN since 1980 has given me many an interesting experience. However, the most 'moving' one is actually a personal paranormal one involving my father.

My father became seriously ill for over a year before dying September 18th, 1997. Dad's admitting DX was one of a severe stroke leaving him unable to speak. I was the only adult child living in the same town as Dad and his second wife (my Mom died when I was 27; Dad remarried a widow on September 17th, 1988). My sister (Patty) came to visit with my Dad as I had called her to let her know that I "sensed" he would die soon (his VS were most transient in addition to recent onset of "Doll's eye" syndrome). Patty went to the hospital with my youngest son (Michael) to visit our Dad (I took a much needed night off from visiting Dad that night and instead gave my attention to my husband and other family matters).

Patty and Michael returned from their visit very peaceful yet sad as they too "felt" Dad would soon be passing away. My father's wife was not feeling well and thus she didn't visit Dad that day either. As I was talking with my sister that night I noticed a red streak on her naturally blond hair---> it (the red streak) wasn't readily apparent **until** she brushed through her hair as she

was talking. I asked Patty if she somehow had lipstick within her hair and she was perplexed as to why I was asking such a seemingly absurd question! When she went to the bathroom to see for herself what I was talking about she didn't have a logical explanation either. The red streak was dominant on the left side of her head/hair looking at her from the front. Despite attempting to wash the 'streak' out of her hair it simply wouldn't go away.... Again, we both attempted to bring logical explanations to this 'phenomena'; to no avail! :stone

The following day Patty returned to Florida with peace in her heart that she had been fortunate enough to spend time with Dad; although she too felt "sad" to leave. On September 17th, 1997 the family celebrated Dad's 9th wedding anniversary with his wife despite both of them not being in the best of health (to say the least). They loved one another and all of us "kids" so much; what a tribute to life they gave to us!!! :Melody:

During the night (early morning hours of September 18th) the hospital called me and said that my father had taken a "turn for the worse, please come in ASAP". When we arrived at the hospital it turned out that my father had a brain aneurysm ("bleed") that couldn't be stopped. This diagnosis seems to have been "picked up" via Patty's visit (remember the unexplained 'red streak') only hours before Dad's physical death. My father's PCP had started a MS drip to bring comfort and this was also consistent with his living will (no heroics, DNR status). Dad's wife accompanied my family to the hospital and she was able to help him pass into the next world with her soothing voice and loving touch.

I believe that the "red streak" discovered on Patty's hair was the way my Dad communicated with us that he was dying (he was asymptomatic at the time of this DX (cerebral bleed). Dad was also able to 'communicate' nonverbally to Lee (his wife) that he was so fortunate to have had 9 years of a truly beautiful marriage with a woman he loved dearly. You see, Dad died the day **following** his 9 year anniversary to Lee....it seems his inner will wanted to complete 9 years of marriage.

I realize that this 'story' is not apparently a spooky one yet it definitely is one that makes me think how much in life we cannot explain....

Lee died almost one year after Dad died at the young age of 66 from lung cancer yet she had never smoked a cigarette in her life! I know that statistically 15% of all lung cancers are not tobacco related but nevertheless it remains "odd" to me that she would have this kind of DX and a rapid death as a result.

I have had many a perplexing situation over my 25 year career yet the one with my Dad still is so fresh in my mind. I hope this 'story' gives one comfort and hope that our loved ones continue to communicate despite seemingly horrible DX's and resulting consequences....

Dad lived his life with the motto that one should live passionately and with the knowledge that anything is possible; one has to visualize their dream and "make things happen." I remain grateful for this experience and again I trust this touches your heart as you go out and give care to those so in need of our loving and skilled nursing care!!!
